Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep theſe flowers;
Weele ſee how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.
Wom. I could lie downe I am ſure.
Emil. And take one with you?
Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,
Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?
Arc. Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well loſe himſelfe and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beſhrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And deſire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I ſaw her firſt.
Arc. That's nothing
Pal. But it ſhall be.
Arc. I ſaw her too.
Pal. Yes, but you muſt not love her.
Arc. I will not as you doe; to worſhip her;
As ſhe is heavenly, and a bleſſed Goddes;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.
Pal. You ſhall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all.
Who ſhall deny me?
Pal. I that firſt ſaw her; I that tooke poſſeſſion
Firſt with mine eye of all thoſe beauties
In her reveald to mankinde: if thou lou'ſt her,
Or entertain'ſt a hope to blaſt my wiſhes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
Falſe as thy Title to her: friendſhip, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I diſclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.
Arc. Yes I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay o
I muſt doe ſo, I love her with my ſo
If that will loſe ye, farewell *Palamon*
I ſay againe, I love, and in loving he
I am as worthy, and as free a lover
And have as juſt a title to her beaut
As any *Palamon* or any living
That is a mans Sonne.
Pal. Have I cald thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me ſo; wh
Let me deale coldly with you, am no
Part of you blood, part of your ſoule
That I was *Palamon*, and you were
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to thoſe af
Thoſe joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my
Pal. Ye may be.
Arc. Why then would you deale
So ſtrangely, ſo vnlike a noble kineſm
To love alone? ſpeake truely, doe y
Vnworthy of her ſight?
Pal. No; but unjuſt,
If thou purſue that ſight.
Arc. Becauſe an other
Firſt ſees the Enemy, ſhall I ſtand ſti
And let mine honour downe, and n
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But ſay that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one ſay ſo,
And uſe thy freedome: els if thou pu
Be as that curſed man that hates his
A branded villaine.
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I muſt be.
Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it con

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